

THE 321ST INFANTRY

BACK TO THE FRONT — FORCED NIGHT MARCHES AND THEIR HORRORS.

November 1 we broke camp and hiked to Chatel-Sur-Moselle. Here a long string of our "favorite" French passenger coaches *pour Les Soldats Americains* of the "40 Hommes and 8 Chevaux" variety were waiting to take us to Sampigny. In cases of emergency, the French graciously extended the use of these trains *de luxe* to their comrades in arms, *les soldats Americains*.

During our entire stay in France we have undergone no severer test of our endurance and morale than the marching between Sampigny and Verdun, via St. Mihiel, all of which had to be done under cover of darkness and in rain and mud. The sensations and experiences of such a march to the front are vividly related in the following poem by Sergeant Fair:

BACK TO THE LINE.

"Trampin' along through the darkness,
 Splashin' my way through the rain,
With chafin' pack slung on my back,
 Bound for the trenches again.

"Flashes o' light in the distance,
 Splotches o' red on the sky,
The sound of a shell creatin' hell
 In a convoy creepin' by.